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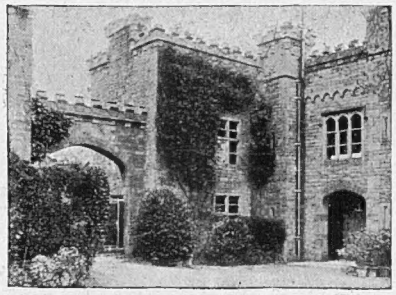

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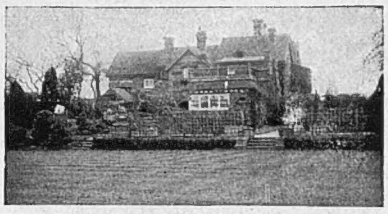

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The Bystander, September 2, 1914.—No. 561. Vol. XLIII.

The BYSTANDER

THE MAN AND HIS WORK

The Town Hall of Louvain, one of the most beautiful cities of Belgium, which is admitted by the German authorities to have been reduced to ruins in fulfilment of the Kaiser's historic orders to his troops to "gain a reputation like the Huns under Attila"

ENTERTAINMENTS.

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Bystander War Comments

THE week has been one of pardonable pessimism. However brave and gallant the resistance of our armies, neither of the Western Allies are trained to look on retreat as anything else than defeat. Slowly, however, but surely, we are getting to realise that the war is an All-Europe affair, and that the Franco-German-Belgian frontier is but an episode that will, perhaps, in the not distant future, become almost trivial by comparison.

* * *

It is Waterloo enormously enlarged and multiplied. What the Prussians were to the British in 1815 the Russians are to the Allies of 1914. In France to-day we fight, not in the hope of unaided victory on our own account, but with our eyes on the eastern horizon.

* * *

When will the Russians come? we ask as Wellington's men asked then about the Prussians. As every day brings our enemy nearer to the French capital, so it brings our eastern ally nearer to the German.

* * *

If we retreat again and yet again, before superior numbers, let us not lose heart provided always it is retreat and not rout. The further the enemy is drawn away from his base, the greater his danger of ultimate destruction at the hands of forces at present, perhaps, undreamed of by him, but well counted upon by the wise men of Old England.

* * *

Prussia may yet live to learn that the much-thanked "God" whom she has made in the image of a Death's Head Hussar is a less competent deity than the One in whom the Allies have an equally fervent, if less fulsome, belief. The real God of Battles has, Prussia will find, a somewhat wider outlook on affairs of war than the tin one of Prussian adoration, and moves in a very mysterious way His wonders to perform. In the eyes of this Authority, Sea Power plays, perhaps, a part unthought-of by even Admiral von Tirpitz, and to be allied with the nation that commands the seas proves a surprisingly powerful factor in the conduct of land warfare. Everything will come to those who wait, if they can hold out long enough, and it will come from the most unlikely places.

* * *

The Prime Minister's emphatic "No" in reply to the question whether there would be "National Service" startled us somewhat. It looked as though there was still a good deal of the old woman in the Ministry we had all been thinking so masculine. Is it permissible, Mr. Censor, to suggest that there are, as before, two parties in the Cabinet, those who have their eye on the danger of national defeat in battle and those who think only of possible party defeat at the polls?

* * *

Such credit as is rightly deserved for our success in getting one Army into France and in raising another to take its place at home is largely due to Lord Haldane. I understand that nobody is more enthusiastic in his regard for the designer and builder of the Territorial System than "K." himself.

* * *

It may be timely to state here that the attack of the Northcliffe papers on Lord Haldane at the beginning of the war was bitterly resented in the quarters that should know best what they are talking about. The Territorial Associations are enthusiastic over Lord Haldane, realising, as they do, that the undoubted—and unexpected—efficiency of the Territorial Army is entirely due to his wonderful organising capacity.

"For Sufficient Reasons"

THE BRITISH ADVANCE OCCUPATION OF THE ONCE GIDDY CITY OF OSTEND

BRITISH MARINES DISEMBARKING AT OSTEND

The fact that the authorities are alleged to have objected at first to the occupation on the ground that the landing of troops would scare the hotel visitors would appear to indicate that Ostend was giddy to the very last

THE MARINES MARCHING TO THEIR QUARTERS AFTER LANDING

"For reasons which seem sufficient to the Government and to the Military Authorities a strong force of British Marines has been sent to Ostend, and has occupied the town and surrounding district without delay." In these somewhat cryptic words Mr. Churchill announced the British occupation of Ostend to the House of Commons on Thursday last. By the time these illustrations have appeared, the "sufficient reasons" will, doubtless, have appeared likewise

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS (continued)

Louvain, yes, we shall remember Louvain! It will one day be rebuilt, and one of the features likely to attract the attention of tourists will be the large hall of alleged art trophies from Berlin. Deep down in a low dungeon, labelled "Chamber of Horrors," will be assembled the statues brought westward from the *Siegesallee*, Berlin. A "Kaiser Uniform" annexe may attract stray sixpences: original manuscripts of Kaiser telegrams, and—oh, yes, Louvain will be a very interesting city one day, when it has recovered from the educational visit of the modern apostles of "culture."

***

We are all so interested in the strategic side of the war that there has been no time to think of the personal side. When we have a little breathing space—between the wars of the west and east—it will be interesting to look at some of these. To give a few in advance, there is first the fact that the King and the Kaiser are first cousins. The Tsaritsa is a German of Hesse. The German Crown Princess, whose husband is held chiefly responsible for the war, is the daughter of a Russian Princess, and reputed to be anything but German in her sympathies. Then the beleaguered Queen of bullied Belgium is herself a member of the bullying race—though a Bavarian, not a Prussian. It was over the Antwerp Palace of herself and her sleeping children that the Zeppelin dropped nocturnal bombs. Bavarians, please remember!

***

We shall also, when that "breather" comes, be engaged in the edifying task of deciding "Who began it?" and probably the discussion of that interesting topic will be the prelude to an explosion of even more violent feeling than the actual *casus belli*. I have innumerable evidences at my hand as to the responsibility of the Germans, which I propose to give next week.

***

The capture of Samoa may seem not to matter. Don't believe it. It does. Being possessed by Britain, it is *not* possessed by our far Eastern ally, and Australia may now sleep sound in *her* bed, and send as many men as she likes to help the Mother Country.

WILHELM: "I discard your uniforms and your orders"
JOHN BULL: "The honour is mine"

By A. P. F. Ritchie

Paris or Berlin?

Germany's Infuriated Onslaught

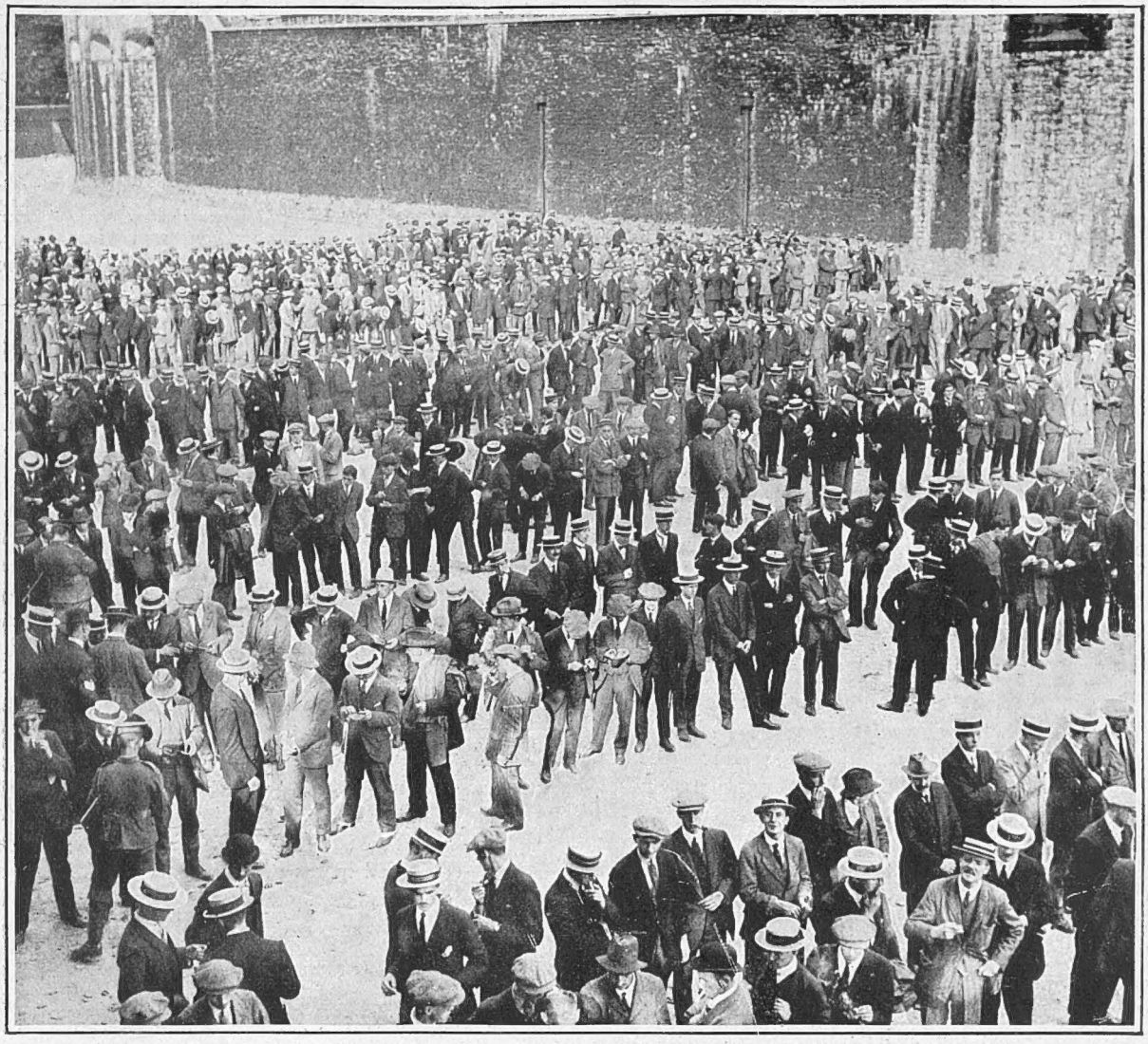
IN the past week, after the sudden collapse of Namur, the Allied lines were driven back by the most stupendous attack ever delivered in warfare. It can be truly said that under that reckless assault France alone would have broken, and by this time the French lines would have been turned. Although the plan of the French was to retreat from one strong position to another, there seems to have been a lamentable failure in their air-scouting and reconnaissance work, for the Germans brought up an unexpectedly large force, and they struck with amazing power.

The little English Army undoubtedly saved the situation. Germany put devilish venom into the plan of smashing our forces, but our picked men gave her the most staggering blow of the war. Our forces had to retreat in conjunction with the French plan of campaign, but the achievement of holding a greater force, punishing it terribly, and still keeping the French line from being turned or broken was greater even than a straightforward victory.

There can be no denying the marvellous rapidity of the enemy's advance, the very speed of which betrays the desperate needs of Germany.

But this in part is due to the strategy of the Allies, whose aim is to stave off decisive battle as long as possible, draw the

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS (concluded)



After a week or two of "wait and see" Young England seems at last to have decided to be "up and doing." On Saturday last, the new City of London Battalion—1,360 strong—all employees of City firms—rolled up at the Tower of London to take the oath of allegiance. We have only one remark to make, and that is "Encore!"

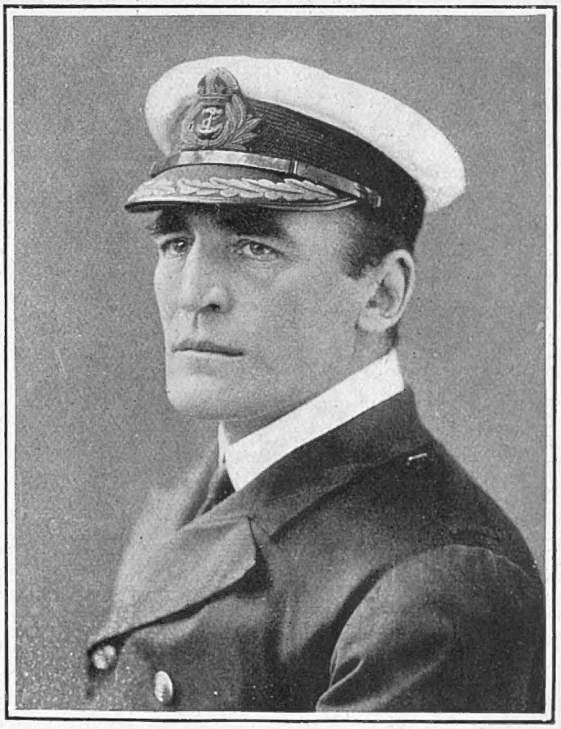
Germans deeply into France, and hold an immense force there whilst the Russian plan is developing.

Already the German lines are dangerously extended. Germany has massed every available man on the throw, and she has forced the pace in a frenzied manner. As the attacker she has suffered far more severely than the Allies, and will feel the strain more readily.

The Allies must play a sound defensive game until the fury of attack has abated. Then will come the opportunity at a psychological moment when Russia will be striking at the heart of Germany.

Moreover, we must not overlook the importance of the Belgian flank, which is also gathering force for the decisive blow. The occupation of Ostend by the British Navy is significant, for it shows that the Belgian flank is really a naval as well as a military wing. Our fleet guns can hold the Germans off the Belgian and French ports, thus covering the Allies, and also enabling us to build up a flanking movement which cannot be turned by the Germans. Dramatic developments are to be expected from this quarter.

THE BYSTANDER has preserved its well-founded optimism right through this campaign, and even were the Germans outside the gates of Paris now we would still be confident that Germany will be crushed eventually.



Photograph *Heath*

THE WINNER OF THE FIRST NAVAL VICTORY

Commodore R. Y. Tyrwhitt of the "Arethusa," which gave the German cruisers a "bite of hell" in the Bight of Heligoland

The Right Frame of Mind

BY VIVIAN CARTER

PREPARE FOR EVERYTHING

WITH this issue THE BYSTANDER dedicates itself to a new weekly task. It recognises that true journalistic effort needs to be directed to influencing the public mind to the realities of the grim struggle into which Britain has entered at the call of honour and chivalry. The time has come to lay aside the mask of cynicism. It has served well enough in an age of conscious frivolity. Somebody had to laugh at those who laughed, and joke at the expense of those who were themselves jokes. But this is not a time of laughter, and though, please God, we will keep a sense of humour to the last, to laugh is no longer the main object of existence. Instead, we shall "talk straight"—not dully, we hope, for we want to be read—but talk all the same about things as they are, with the idea of helping Englishmen to get into the right frame of mind to face *all* possibilities, good bad, and indifferent.

RESPECT THE ENEMY!

To get ourselves into the right frame of mind in which to face the greatest crisis that has confronted the country since public opinion was educated, it is first necessary to get *out* of the wrong frame of mind. We have to shed a number of very bad mental habits. Chief among these is the fatal one of underestimating the enemy in any department of war. Realise that Germany has been thinking, thinking, thinking of this struggle for as many years as you, the average man, have thought of everything else. Under "one man rule" she has been disciplined into the study of war in every detail, ashore, afloat, in the air, in office, shop, and factory, as would have been impossible in a democratic nation.

A FEW AXIOMS

Trust the British Navy, but remember that it has been the German design to discover its weaknesses.

Take the word "invincible" out of your dictionary—believing it neither of yourselves nor of the enemy.

Avoid jumpiness. Be not unduly downcast by defeat, nor unduly elated at alleged victory. In a world-wide war, it is the ultimate profit and loss as shown on the balance-sheet, not the day-book, that matters.

Turn a blind eye to news-placards. The editors, like the man at the piano, are doing their best—*to sell their papers.*

Avoid optimism and pessimism alike. In the divine ordination of things neither the best nor the worst happens in war. Victory may be moral defeat, defeat moral victory. There are many other axioms, but these will do for the moment.

WE FIGHT FOR LIBERTY

In the present war England is fighting, not for material objects, but for a principle—to preserve the rights of the free peoples of Europe, of which she is the acknowledged head. Suppose her to win, she must be prepared to use her victory to settle, if possible for ever, the problem she sets herself to solve. Suppose her, owing to her unpreparedness for so colossal a struggle, to fail in the worst sense of the word. Suppose the enemy actually to invade our country. Remember that the war was none of our seeking, that we went into it at the call of honour and friendship, suddenly, impetuously, gallantly, and that if the foe, who went into it deliberately and fully prepared, should achieve victory, his will be a triumph of violence, and, as such, his triumph will be short-lived. The greatness of a nation is proved not only in knowing how to win, but how to recover from defeat.

PRUSSIA'S OWN EXAMPLE

Look at Prussia herself. One hundred and eight years ago, after Jena, she lay bleeding at the feet of Napoleon, and had to sign the dictator's peace in her own capital. In that disaster she found national salvation—and national saviours. As we have our Kitchener, she had her Stein. In the year of defeat, that statesman started the campaign of national reconstruction. He emancipated the people of Prussia from feudalism, and made them the self-respecting military folk who, eight years after, helped England to overthrow the Corsican at Waterloo, and whose country, in course of years, became the ruler of the Continent.

If Britain meets her Jena, let us see to it that the *man* who then undertakes the task of *our* recreation has all the support he can be given, so that, in less than eight years, the Potsdam Corsican may meet his just fate at the allied hands of the peoples whose honour and liberty *he* has trampled underfoot.

WARRIORS IN EVERY WALK

Of course, every man of military age must be willing to go to the service of his country. But let not those who, for various reasons cannot go, think themselves out of the picture. To them the national reconstructors will look for aid in the great economic and business revival that ought to set in as a result of the new *Protectionism* that will come with National Service.

"Made in Germany" having become a byword, "Made in England" must become a watchword.

England will need an army of industrial and commercial soldiers. Not only that! There comes the call of duty also to the workers in art, literature, and entertainment.

To them the New England will look for inspiration, for diversion, as before it looked to them for distortion and perversion.

NO MORE FUTILITY

The country will have "no time" for Decadents, Sexuologists, Futurists, or Perverse Triflers of any kind. She will need amusement—more than ever—but her wits and humorists will be conscious of the realities. Their shafts will be directed to kill the national enemies without and within, and of the latter none will be more numerous than the quacks and false idealists who will have survived the age of Inanition. War will be waged against all who perpetuate the fatal faults—apathy, frivolity, blind confidence—which have been the chief cause of grave national peril.

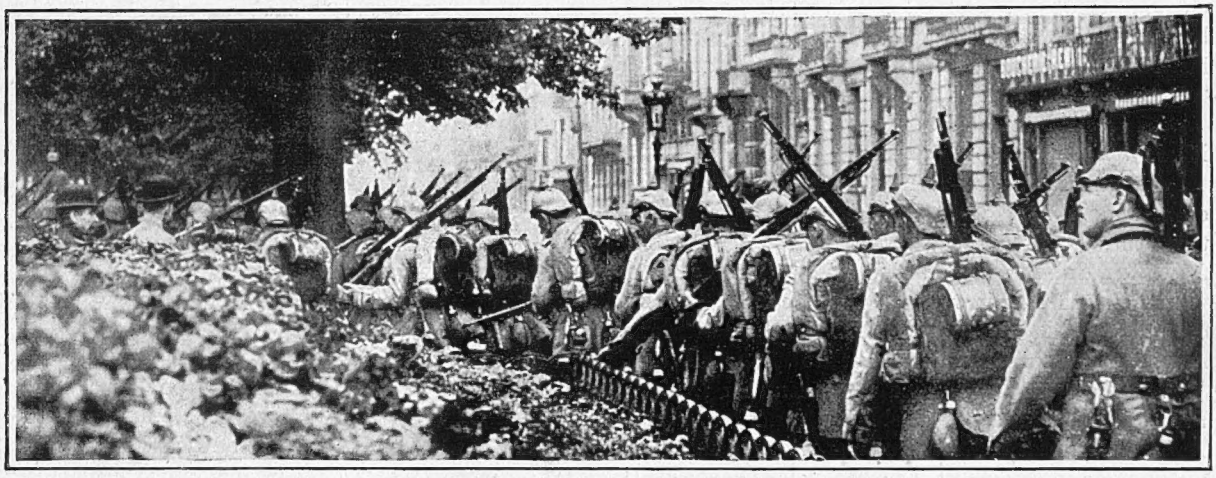
Even if Providence spares us the worst horrors of invasion and conquest, we must have done with the England that has been during the fatal decade of Liberalism, Pacificism and Free Trade. That England

(Continued on page 478)

It Might Be Our Capital

BRUSSELS AS IT POSSESSED ITSELF IN THE PRESENCE OF ITS NEW POSSESSOR

GERMAN ARTILLERY IN BRUSSELS



GERMAN INFANTRY IN BRUSSELS

Photographs] CROSSING THE PLACE CHARLES ROGIER, BRUSSELS *[Sport and General*

Brussels, the first capital to be taken by the Prussian invader, fell peacefully into his hands, and the Kaiser's legions passed through the streets without opposition. If by ill-fortune of war our capital fell into the same hands, it is little to be hoped that the scene would be similarly peaceful. It is to be feared our "sangfroid" would, in such circumstances, fail us

is dead and damned. Another England approached with the declaration of war, and took possession with the fall of Namur. If the Invader is to be kept away now and for ever after it will be by the New England, and the New Spirit.

If the Invader comes, then the England that will recover from his visit will be the same New England, but stronger still in that she will be moved by a burning zeal to fight again and win. Before we proceed to the pleasanter task of estimating the chances of victory in this war, let us just face the worst and ask ourselves what are the possible consequences of defeat by land and sea.

WHAT INVASION MEANS

We have seen a little of it in Belgium. The trampled fields, the burning homesteads, the cold-blooded murder of thoughtless citizens, male and female, the defiled living-rooms, the profaned household gods, the insulted national flag (think of the Union Jack fixed on to Uhlan horse-tails !). The daylight robbery of the citizens of Brussels. Think of it all in London ! Do you not see the German clanking through the proud streets never before trod by an invader, contemptuously sneering as he twirls his Kaiser-moustache, mocking at the defeated "Englander" ?

"You called yourselves rulers of the earth ! Rule it now !"

Can you imagine it—coming on top of a trampling down and burning of *your* peaceful English villages, the shooting of your English citizens and their women folk, the mutilation of *your* children ?

Your proud British statesmen in Westminster Hall compelled to sign away the British Empire with one stroke of the pen, and for ever to renounce that "rule of the waves" which has been the Briton's boasted bulwark against slavery, and to admit England to exist henceforth only on sufferance and by kind permission of the Mailed Fist—perhaps compelled, even — it is possible — to accept a Hohenzollern princeling as a tributary king, and to be enrolled in the German federation like Wurtemburg or Baden.

And the indemnity ? Would Germany claim less than she is said to seek from France—a thousand million pounds—or twenty pounds per head per inhabitant ?

AND AFTER—

And after the invader had gone—what ? Loss of national pride ! Loss of the keynote of the whole national character without which the music is mute in the soul.

Do not believe the Prussian would treat us more leniently than the Belgian or the Frenchman ! The fact that we are of his race will make his glee in victory even more electric. He will remember the things we have said of Germans : the knocks we have given : our victories of diplomacy and commerce.

Such is the possibility. True, it may never come, and ought never to come, as long as there *is* a British Navy. But, we say again, do not undervalue the possible genius of Admiral von Tirpitz and what the ships now locked up in Kiel may do *if* they find some means of escape. Let us be confident, but not cocksure. But even if the worst happen, through some sudden unexpected bit of strategy, as a result of which three or four Army Corps massed behind Calais and Boulogne, or concealed up the Scheldt or the Rhine after the possible conquest of Antwerp and Rotterdam, might be able to make a dash for our coasts as successful as was the dash by which *we* placed *our* armies in France—lest that worst happen, we urge upon England to prepare herself to rise again and win, in the belief that, by that very preparation, she will best be able to rise again *before* she is beaten. It is now, right now, while the Navy still holds the seas, and during the years in which, by God's grace and our own big guns, it may continue to hold them—now is the time, now or never !

ENGLAND'S CRY FOR MEN

But it is criminal folly to look to the Navy alone. Has it not been said a thousand times that the Navy is crippled in its work—which is to hunt the enemy down wherever he is—if it has all the time to be within call of any point on the coast—north, south, east, and west—where a military raid may be attempted ? England needs a defensive army sufficient to make the experiment of attempting any landing too dangerous an experiment to be tried, regardless altogether of the Navy, and such an Army she failed, despite warning after warning, to attempt to raise during the Do-Nothing Decade. She has only barely scraped together the number called for by the soldier-statesman at the War Office himself, England's boasted One Great Man. Despite Kitchener's passionate call for more and yet more there continue to loaf, and slack, and shuffle about our streets and parks and promenades and to sit in our cafés and teashops, bars, and music-halls tens of thousands of youths of serviceable age. Three out of four of London's "men in the street" are of the stuff out of which good soldiers could speedily be made, yet they continue to turn a deaf ear and a derisive eye upon the entreaties of their King and Country.

THE MEN ARE THERE

True, the poor conditions of pay, the loss of employment, and the risk of life, have all to be thought of. But it is our fixed belief that, to a large percentage of the middle-class youths we have seen with our own eyes, these problems are negligible. These are not of the "married" type. Very few of them but have parents, friends, or employers who would be willing and eager to aid them should evil befall. It only needs to state that he *intends* to serve the country, and the "knut" will soon enough find those who will "see him through."

It is not lack of patriotism we charge against these youths : it is lack of understanding. During the Age of Drivel, they have been lulled by a pandering Press into a belief that everything in England is for the best : taught to look on the German as a sausage-eating, beer-drinking blusterer, who could never by any chance "come over here," and if he did—well, *we'd* show him what's what. With what ? With a cricket-bat or a golf-club, perhaps ? Or with the eagle eye of the looker-on ?

AND THE ENEMY IS NEAR

Even on the morrow of the Battle of Mons-Charleroi the British youth went his heedless way, proud in the belief that if the worst came to the worst Old England would always be saved by the National Deity—Somebody Else ! Never by himself unless—unless called upon and compelled.

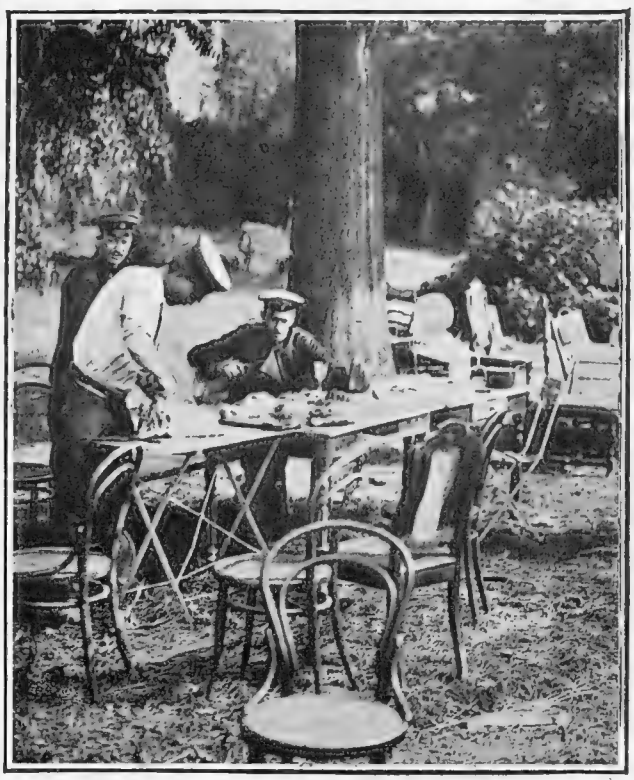
Surely the most violent opponent of National Service must see, now that the enemy is within sight of the white cliffs of Dover, at the gates of Calais, on the beach at Ostend, and at the walls of Antwerp, that such opposition can stand no longer before the thunders of Fact?

V. C.

Bringing It Home to You!

IT MIGHT BE YOUR HOUSE, YOUR GARDEN, OR YOUR VILLAGE

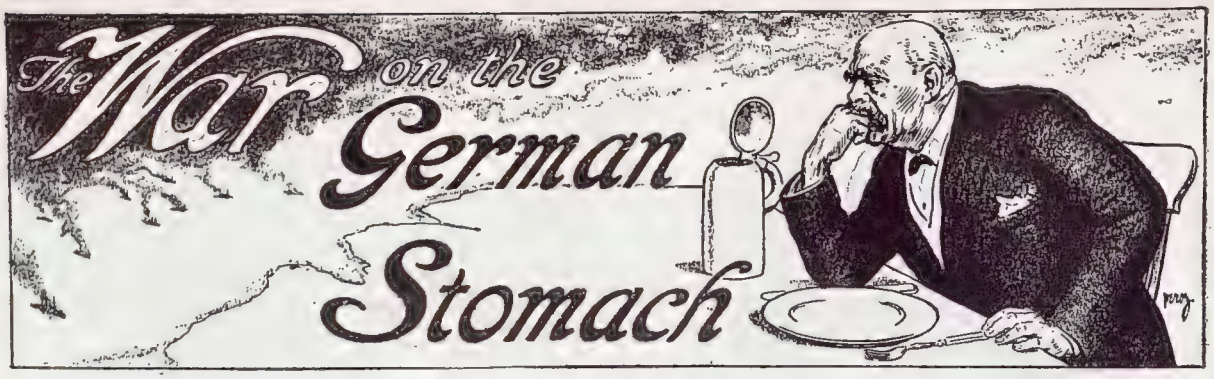
A HOUSE IN VISÉ



THE BURGOMASTER'S GARDEN IN VISÉ

GERMAN FORAGE WAGONS PASSING THROUGH THE REMAINS OF A STREET IN VISÉ

The three pictures above, showing scenes in the Belgian town of Visé after the visit of the Prussians, convey a moral as well as a horror. They remind English men and women of what might only too easily happen in the peaceful hamlets of Kent, Surrey, or East Anglia were the invader to come. It is only too much to be feared that spirited peasants, from rashness or ignorance, might commit the trivial offences which afford the Prussians the pretext for inflicting these horrible barbarities



THE National Stomach is an inglorious organ. No poet sings it as he sings the brave national heart or the stout national right arm. Yet in reality the national stomach has probably more to do with war, both as regards cause and consequence, than any other organ of the national body.

Nearly all great wars, it has been said with obvious truth, have been wars about food, from the invasion of Europe by the Huns down to the late Russo-Japanese war. Nations multiply exceedingly; they find an increasing difficulty in feeding themselves; expansion becomes a necessity for them. And in this imperfect world expansion of any kind is usually impossible without a violent collision with the somebody who happens to own the object or the district to be included in the expansion. Hence war and—until the general acceptance of the doctrines usually associated with the name of Malthus, and *a fortiori* the obliteration of the high-birth-rate-at-all-costs-fiends like Mr. Roosevelt—always war, despite the pacificists.

Of course, there have been wars that had nothing or little to do with food supply. The Napoleonic wars, for instance, seem to have been purely piratical. Many people think the present war also is but a military adventure on the part of Germany. But that is not so. It was the necessity for commercial expansion and an overcrowded population that practically forced Germany to be so overwhelmingly militarist after the war of 1870. And, in the present instance, though the tail may, so to speak, have run away with the dog, or, in other words, though the German militarist party may have rushed the German people into war, it is evident that, originally, the whole trouble was the old one of inadequate food.

That, of course, is the reason why Germany was so desperately anxious that England should stand aside. Opinions seem to differ very much as to the precise length of time during which Germany can feed herself. But even taking the most favourable view of Germany's natural resources it is obvious she cannot feed herself for ever.

And the financial pressure which we hear so much about is only part and parcel of the same great, eternal question. Money is, primarily, only a means of food-exchange. If a nation has no money it cannot buy food, even supposing there is food to buy. Many people seem to think that a nation can remedy this by indefinitely issuing paper-money to pay her troops and to enable the civil population to provide for their needs. But paper-money is a treacherous ally. Needless to say when, as in the case of the British Government, there is either ample gold or ample credit to back it up, paper is literally as good as gold. But when, as in the case of the German Government, the gold is rapidly becoming exhausted and the credit is practically non-existent, there is danger of terrible disaster.

Even in the American Civil War the Southern States had a most unpleasant experience with the paper-money issued. Gradually it sank in value till a dollar bill was worth about eightpence instead of four shillings. That is to say, a man had to earn six dollars to purchase goods really worth a dollar. Still, nations have a way of existing for a surprisingly long time on nothing. But eventually the crash must come. Germany knows this perfectly well. For Germany, confident of her military strength, was too much of a realist not to appreciate her weakness. There may be a lot of sabre-rattling and flag-waving in Berlin, but the Germans are a very well-educated people and realize better than do some Englishmen that, with an empty stomach, the hand that rattles the sabre or waves the flag is nothing but a useless ornament.

It follows that Germany's weakness is England's strength—always presuming, of course, that England does not lose command of the sea and find herself in, or perhaps we should say without, the same boat. That being so we ought to fix our eyes on that point and never take them off it. We ought to be prepared—though we are not—for terrible disasters on land. We may read of the annihilation of our gallant little Expeditionary Force, of the investment of the "hundred kilometre zone" round Paris, of the retirement of Russia to the frontier. All these will be the work of the German mailed fist. But so long as we can continue our gradual, slow pressure on the German unmailed stomach we can trust the fist to droop and eventually to die from sheer inanition.

For that is England's part in this war, the war on the enemy's stomach. It has none of the romance, none of the glory of the rôles assigned to France and Russia, but it is more important. It is *Realpolitik* as opposed to *Heldpolitik*, Realism as opposed to Romanticism. Indeed, Providence seems to be an original kind of stage-manager. That England, the country of romance and sentimentalism *par excellence*, should have been chosen out of the whole Allied cast to play the realistic rôle, shows a pleasant ironical sense of humour worthy of the temporarily eclipsed Mr. G. B. Shaw.

F. T.

CHEER UP!

To Land in England

THE GERMANS WOULD HAVE TO SMUGGLE SCORES OF THESE PAST OUR SHIPS AND FORTS

Here's something cheerful for you. It is one of the British transports which took troops across to France. Imagine Germany to decide to attempt the invasion of England: she would need to assemble and to load scores of such ships. She would have to get them safely past the British fleet-in-being, then past our coast defences, and last but not least, she would have to get the ships, which, as they are all bottled up with the German Navy in German harbours is—well, not likely! But the impossible sometimes happens, so while cheering up, also roll up—to the National Army

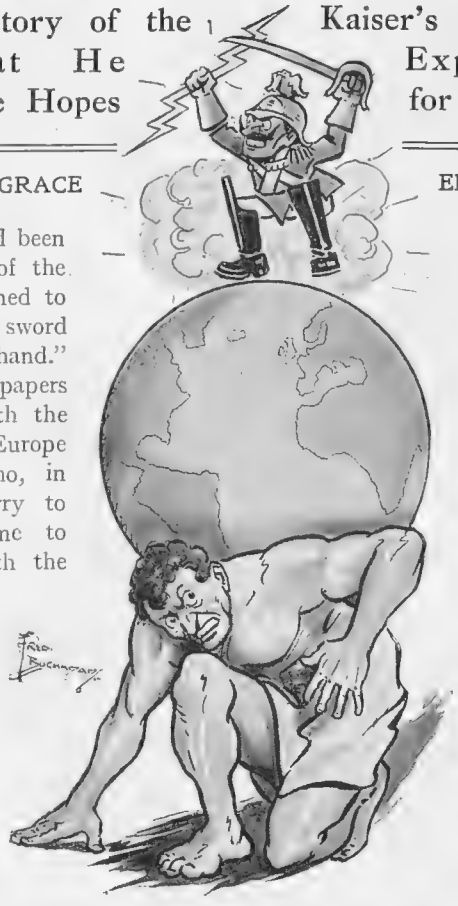
BY R. COOPER

What Does William Want?

The Inner History of the Kaiser's Part in the War-Making—What He Expected Then, and What He Hopes for Now

By GRACE ELLISON

I left Berlin after war had been declared. I was one of the seething mass who listened to the Kaiser's declaration "A sword has been thrust into my hand." Judging from the German papers Russia had supplied Servia with the matches with which to light Europe and my German friends who, in spite of our desperate hurry to catch the train, found time to escort me to the station with the roses and chocolates which etiquette demands must be given to departing guests, remarked as we went "the hateful Russians — hideously treacherous Russia who has plunged Europe into war!"



ATLAS: "Oh won't someone please quiet him? He'll upset the whole thing soon"
By Fred Buchanan

Whether or no the Kaiser is deliberately responsible for the greatest crime of modern times, which Europe has placed on his shoulders, time alone will tell. The great mass of the German people, however, did not want war. War was farthest from their thoughts. "Germany's future lies in her commerce" they said, and at the present moment Germany has no fewer than four big exhibitions, excellently installed at great expense—surely that did not look as if they expected war.

"Germany's future lies in her commerce." The Kaiser has said this over and over again, his people have echoed it, and his words have most certainly had this desired effect, for German commerce has gone forward by leaps and bounds. But there were obstacles to Germany's forward commercial march—obstacles the Kaiser has mentioned in his speeches—obstacles he decided must be overcome, *coute que coute*, the lack of coaling stations, the lack of the ports at the mouths of the Rhine and the Scheldt, and Rotterdam and Flushing, also Antwerp, and finally the lack of Colonies, particularly in North Africa. All the Kaiser's plans were made to remedy these evils. However much he may have declared himself in favour of peace, however much he is said to have deceived Europe, he considered the policy of rounding off Germany which Bismarck advocated quite legitimate, and according to international law quite a plausible case could be established for obtaining for him that the ports of the great rivers should be joined to the Zollverein.

The Kaiser showed no particular hatred towards France and England. The Crown Prince made no secret of his dislike for both countries, especially England, and more than once his Imperial father has called him to order for his outspoken dislike of Britain, his insulting "Down with England." That the Kaiser was not opposed to a war that could be fought to Germany's advantage is comprehensible. His son, however, seemed to belong to that hateful, unintelligent party which may be the undoing of Germany. "War at any price"—he stage-managed himself, perfectly *vis-à-vis* to his party. See him galloping along on his war-horse, pulling the beast suddenly on to its haunches, hear the roar of applause which greeted him —he well knew his part—and who knows how much he is responsible for the hastening of the blow which still seems to amaze the civilised world. It is true, everything this last month seemed to be conspiring to urge the war party to take its decision. Looking at it through German eyes, *i.e.*, from reading the German papers only, if Germany intended to fight, now was the moment. The members of the Triple Entente were never in a weaker condition. England, poor England, was doomed.

The Irish question was worked for all it was worth. A tottering Government on the brink of civil war — civil war had actually begun in some papers — a powerful party in the House of Commons that would have "peace at any price." Britain's Colonies Australia, Canada, and India quite ready to strike for independence——England would not fight nor could she if she wished to—so England appeared in the German press. More perhaps than England's weakness, the avowed weakness of France urged the war party into that "now or never" attitude which determined the war. France is not as weak as Senator Humbert had the extreme impudence to state in the Chamber of Deputies. We have fortunately seen that Germans do not understand exaggerated self-criticism.

(Continued on page 486)

If Germany Wins

WILL THE KAISER PLACE HIS SONS ON THE CONQUERED THRONES?

THE CROWN PRINCE
Future Kaiser and King of Prussia

PRINCE EITEL FRIEDRICH
Might do for the Tsardom

Napoleon the Great followed his conquests of various European countries by placing his relations on their thrones. If—we say IF—Kaiser Wilhelm is successful in all the wars he is waging on the Continent, will he fix up his stalwart sons in the same way? We omit England from the scheme as, if the Germans come here, William will naturally "bag" our Imperial sceptre for himself, being a grandson of Queen Victoria

PRINCE AUGUST WILHELM
Possible Emperor of the French

PRINCE ADALBERT
Might be given Belgium

PRINCE OSKAR
How about Italy—in some contingencies?

PRINCE JOACHIM
Might make a good Mikado of Japan

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(*Continued from page 482*)

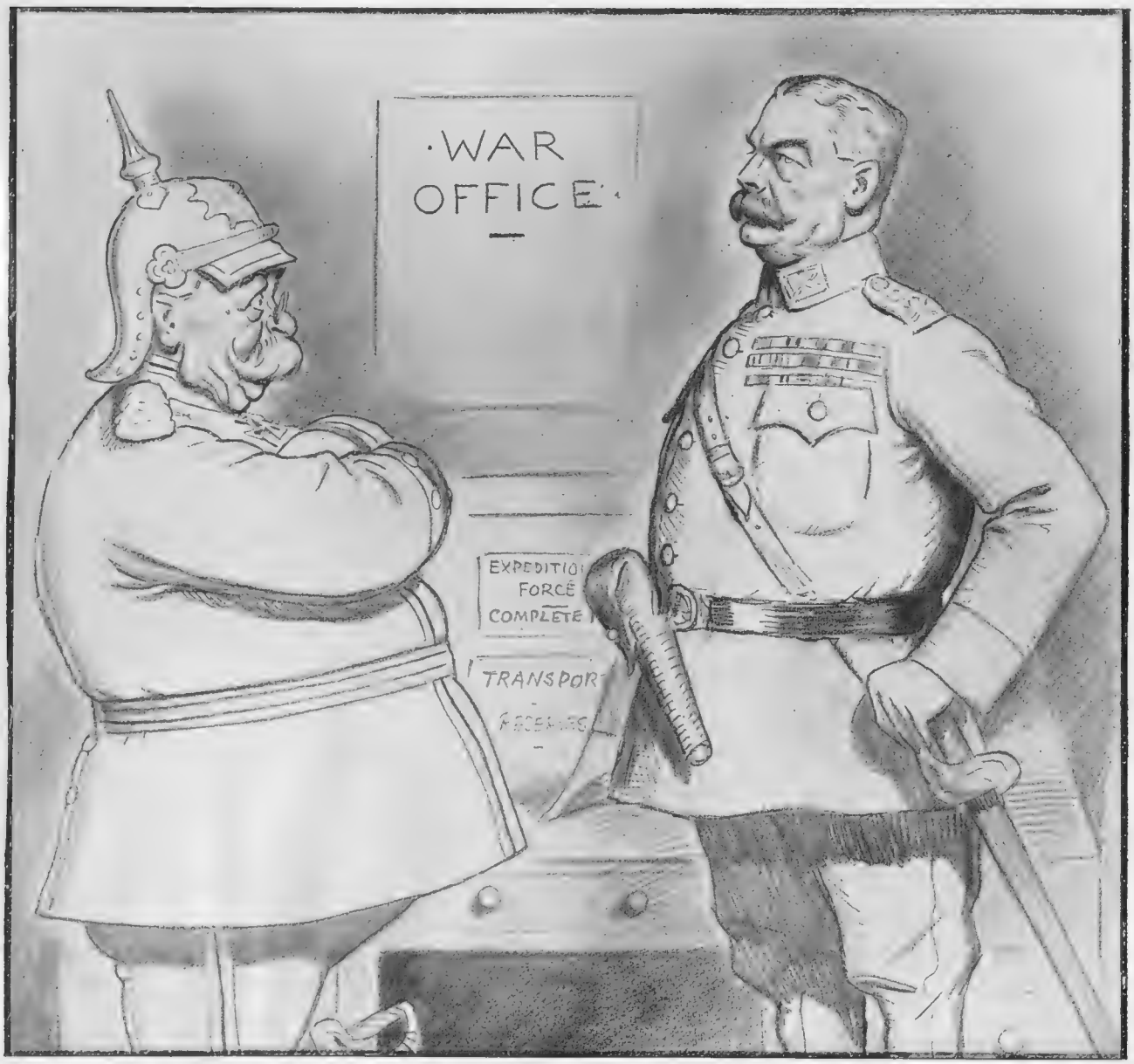
When once war was decided upon, the Kaiser did well for himself to lose no time. England and France could not fight, Russia required time to mobilise; he had only to walk into the neutral States and take the coveted ports. Could Belgium resist? Would she ever be so mad as to try? Splendid little Belgium! Is not her heroic resistance one of the marvels of the twentieth century?

And now if victory is to be the Kaiser's, what does he wish to establish as a result of victory? This can only be speculation, as the Kaiser's victory is still only a speculation. The German papers, however, told us that "Germany this time would not be modest" and the war indemnity which France paid after the last war, two hundred millions, should be increased to one thousand millions. The indemnity which Germany is asking from Belgium seems to show that she has begun to carry out her programme of "not being too modest this time."

Supposing the Kaiser wins, the three coveted ports will be his, they are at the mouth of his rivers, and, furthermore, they have big German colonies. Supposing he is victorious, who is to stop him asking a war indemnity from France of one thousand millions? Such a sum will save Germany from a state of almost bankruptcy into which the heavy war preparations, war taxes, and armaments had landed her. As territory from Russia he would naturally take the German-speaking Baltic provinces. Having smashed up the British Fleet, he would help himself plentifully to coaling stations in Africa and on the way to India; he would want also the mouths of the Tigris and Euphrates, Tonkin, Cochin China, some of the Oceanic Isles, and, since "he would not be modest," the colonies in the North of Africa, Algiers, and Morocco. Our self-governing Colonies would not interest him, and he probably would be content with the territory I have supposed he would ask for, should victory be his.

But without any exaggerated hatred of the Germans, no more terrible calamity could befall Europe than the victory of this terrible Prussian War Party. A whole company of arrogant, pig-headed, would-be Napoleons, to what humiliation would Europe not be subjected were a similar disaster to be her fate. G.E.

A Curious Resemblance



"HIMMEL! HE LOOKS RATHER LIKE BISMARCK"

BY E. T. REED

"As One Possessed"

THE EVIL SPIRIT WITHIN THE GERMAN BODY THAT EUROPE IS NOW COMBINING TO CAST OUT

BY PHILIP BAYNES

Germany versus Prussia

WHAT WILL BE THE EFFECT OF THE WAR ON KAISERISM?

IT was during my happy student days that I learnt to criticise Prussia. We were students at a Saxon University, and Berlin became for us the capital of a race of conquerors certainly, but a race which had none of the culture and intelligence and fine breeding of the Saxons. It was in Saxony that I learnt to say, "What can you expect from Prussians" and "ill-mannered as a Prussian."

And the Prussians are a curious race, a mixture of Slav and German and Lithuanian — a race of bullying conquerors — not refined either in appearance or manners, the Prussian, a first-class fighting man, a first-class official, but the most ill-mannered official in Europe. When we come back from Germany with complaints of German rudeness is it not of Prussian rudeness that we have to complain, and, indeed, as one travels from province to province, from kingdom to kingdom, one finds that in Bavaria or Hanover, or Saxony or the Rhine Provinces, the German is a well-mannered and kindly and cultured person with not one characteristic of the dreaded and detested Prussian.

Bavaria has never allowed herself to be quite under Prussian domination. She has tried, in spite of difficulties, to keep her own individuality. She still has her own diplomatic court—they do not do much, it is true, but they are, nevertheless, the diplomatists of Bavaria and not Prussia. She has still her own stamps and her own education.

In the case of German defeat we can suppose that Bavaria will want a far greater autonomy, and, perhaps, a little more freedom from the rigid Court etiquette which the Emperor forced on the smaller Courts of the Empire. The other great change in case of German failure is that the long contested Alsace-Lorraine goes back to France. So much literature, so many poems, so much patriotism has been spent on these dear lost provinces that it seemed almost that France was mourning for the dead. It seemed, too, in spite of the wonderful patriotism of Deroulède that France had accepted the inevitable. It seems almost too wonderful to be true that the Strassburg statue should ever be without its *crêpe*.

Photograph *Bieber*
KING OF BAVARIA

Photograph *Bieber*
KING OF WURTEMBURG

Photograph *Mayer*
KING OF SAXONY

Photograph *Schumann*
GRAND DUKE OF BADEN

GERMAN RULERS WHO ARE NOT PRUSSIAN

Of the other provinces there remains Prussian-Poland, which will once more be joined to Poland. Hanover was not too pleased to have her autonomy merged in Prussia, but she, too, now has accepted the inevitable.

If Germany is defeated, no doubt the feeling of brotherhood which comes when men are fighting side by side will be strengthened; it was the war of 1870 which united Germany, the war of 1914 will also make the provinces more united, but certainly not for the benefit of Kaiserdom. If Germany is defeated there will be a union of all the progressive elements of Germany (which an autocratic Government has been so successful in keeping down) in favour of Parliamentary Government, and to do away for always with the possibility of war carried on for the benefit of a Sovereign's ideals. There is every possibility that the elections after the war will bring in a huge majority of Socialists and Liberals.

It seems hardly possible that in this twentieth century a country which can boast of a culture such as the German culture, can still put up with the absolutism of the German Kaiser. But the German is a patient, disciplined being, a trusting being—there were those who trusted the Kaiser implicitly—those who were ready to rebel, but lacked a powerful leader, and the spectre of the great bogey man, the army, made those of us who long for the reign of true democracy to despair of ever seeing Germany take her place among the democracies.

For Germany's own sake most sincerely do I hope to see her defeated. There are many of us who have dear friends in Germany, and for this hideous war, the hideous atrocities committed in the name of Germany, they are not responsible. Among those friends of mine are men who have served long sentences for writing and speaking against the Imperial power—for them the present war is the darkness before the dawn—the dawn for which they have waited and watched and longed. For the German intellectually has outgrown himself politically: his culture demands that he be raised to the level of the democracies of Europe, not kept in the darkness of military absolutism. G. E.

Nemesis

OTHERWISE THE RUSSIAN PERIL, WHICH SLOWLY APPROACHES THE GERMAN CAPITAL

KOËNIGSBURG

The capital of East Prussia, a fortress which lies on the flank of the Russian invaders. Here was crowned in 1701, first of Prussia's Kings (Frederick I) and also in 1861, William der Grosse himself

GENERAL RENNENKAMPF

The Russian General who is leading the invasion of Germany

POSEN

The capital of the Polish province of the same name which Prussia annexed in 1772 and 1793. It is also on the Russian route to Berlin

How long? All Europe asks the question. On the success of the Russians in reaching Berlin depend the hopes of the whole of Europe of relief from the peril of German domination

BELLICOSITIES

BY "JINGO"

UP to the time of going to press no offer has come from the Mpret of Albania to send Albanians to keep order among the Powers who sent him to keep order among the Albanians.

* * *

Austria announces that her war against Servia is now merely a punitive expedition. At last we meet in real life the pedagogue who speaks the truth when he says the punishment hurts him more than the victim.

* * *

The object of the first Prussian raids on Ostend was, of course, to discover the whereabouts of the British Expeditionary Force, of whose numbers and strength they were unaware. They fully expected to catch it bathing, and to be able to cut off its retreat by removing its clothes.

* * *

We like to read of amenities between foes. Particularly jolly was the conduct of General von Emmich in handing back his sword to the captured defender of Liège, especially in view of the fact that the General had the misfortune to have committed suicide weeks before in several successive editions of our evening papers. If the Germans have reserves of ghosts fighting for them we fear the Allies' game is, indeed, up.

* * *

The Crown Prince, too, following his recent sad death at Aix-la-Chapelle, seems to have done exceedingly well in Lorraine.

* * *

Ridiculous, isn't it? After the death of the Kaiser's uncle, Prince Adalbert of Prussia, the papers said the Kaiser had no such uncle. Of course he hadn't if the man was dead.

* * *

Another charming compliment, this time from the German Government, who have referred to the Japanese as "uncivilised." The Mikado, having read the reports of German proceedings in Belgium, is said to have gone at once to the shrine of his ancestors and offered up a solemn thanksgiving.

* * *

We drew attention last week to the unpatriotic action of members of the burgling profession in continuing to burgle these days. The gentleman who put forward the rule "Business as Usual" ought to have made it quite clear that there were exceptions.

* * *

I see that Mr. Lloyd George fears that his new one pound notes will be in danger of forging, so has changed the design. We think his fears groundless. Not that the forger is necessarily more patriotic than the burglar. No! Merely that he is a bit of an artist, and would regard it as beneath his dignity to turn out reproductions of such a shocking design.

* * *

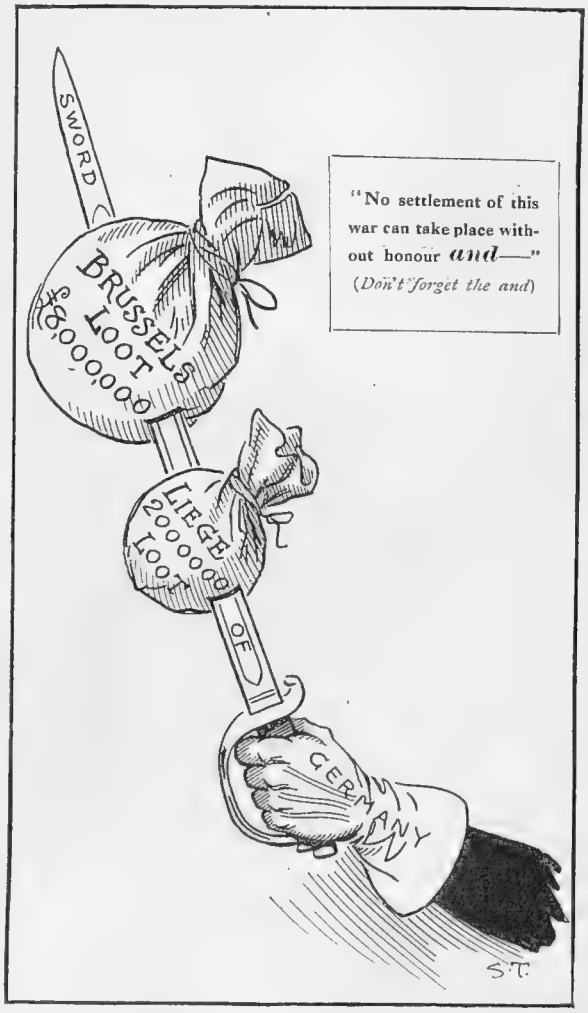
The Heavenly Power which the Kaiser, in wires to his relations, thanks three times a day for glorious Prussian victories, must be working at high pressure, at all events in the western theatre of war. In the east, there is "some" slackness. There William has, so far, to thank it for nothing. But, perhaps, another firm has the handling of business on the Eastern frontier.

* * *

But why has no Order of any kind as yet been conferred on the Divine Author of Prussian Victories?

* * *

One cannot be expected to sympathise with the Suffragettes in choosing the present moment to revive their activities. Apart from everything else, where shall we put them, in view of the large amount of accommodation needed for the German prisoners of war? Is it proposed to confine them in the same prisons as these latter? And if not, why not? "JINGO"



Væ Victoribus!

Showing that the German soldier, when not conquering the enemy, is in danger of himself being conquered by her

A sketch made near Visé, Belgium, by the well-known Dutch artist, Willy Sluiter

As America Sees It

Germans Who Love Not The Fatherland—Trade Rivalry—Chivalrous Uncle Sam—Twisting The Kaiser's Moustache—Japan

BY OUR AMERICAN CORRESPONDENT

THERE has been much speculation lately as to the ultimate attitude of the United States, whether in the event of disaster to either side, strict neutrality will be persisted in. Obviously, the American Government having proclaimed neutrality and, in the person of President Wilson, offered to mediate, even at this early stage, between the combatants, is opposed not only to active participation in the war, but to public expression of sympathy with one side or the other. In these matters a government is not all-powerful; its hands may at any time be forced by a sufficiently strong expression of public opinion and pressure brought to bear behind the scenes.

The Spanish-American war is a case in point. As most people now realise, it was brought about by certain powerful commercial interests whose command of the Press enabled them to rouse public sentiment to fever heat. The much-debated incident of the destruction of the battleship Maine in Havana harbour occurred with marvellous appositeness at the psychological moment and served as a spark to the carefully prepared magazine of public indignation, rendering all peaceful efforts of the Government useless.

Considering the vast number of American citizens German either by birth or extraction, it is only natural that the German Government should undertake Germanophil propaganda on an extensive scale. How far this campaign will succeed remains to be seen. It is a well-established fact that German emigrants lose their national individuality and merge themselves with their new surroundings sooner and more thoroughly than those of any other country. It should also be remembered that a considerable portion of German-Americans consists of young men who fled their native land to avoid conscription and of their relatives and descendants. I have frequently observed that the most passionately American bands of American tourists abroad, those flaunting the Stars and Stripes in hat-band and button-hole, the most scathing in contemptuous comment of foreign institutions, bore the hall-mark of Germany in accent or type. Of course, a certain amount of dormant patriotism is bound to be revived by a war in which the Fatherland is involved, but on the whole the cause of Prussian rule is not likely to be whole-heartedly espoused by the majority of those who fled its rigours.

When it comes to the economic question, which, from the American point of view, must undoubtedly be reckoned the most important, it is not at all to American advantage that Germany should win. German competition has been for some time a serious problem, and not so long ago a tariff war, not without ultimate danger of a resort to arms, raged between Germany and the United States. Cheapness of production, imitation that barely stopped short of infringement of patents, and an exhaustive study of customers' wishes, enabled German manufacturers to undersell America in the world's markets, and even at home. This competition has become an increasingly serious factor, and a fruitful source of friction between the two countries, especially of late years, and because of the growth of American export trade. In spite of recent attacks on the trusts, and a corresponding weakening of their influence in official quarters, it must not be forgotten that the great commercial interests still control a considerable section of the Press, and American public opinion, especially as regards foreign affairs, is largely formed and directed by the newspapers. The menace of a Germany, mistress and dictator of Europe, is not likely to be overlooked.

And the economic aspect is not the only one. Americans might be called hard-headed sentimentalists. As a nation, Americans are chivalrous to an almost unbelievable extent. The spectacle of a small country bullied and oppressed by a great Power, is enough in itself to call forth general indignation. The attitude of Austria during the Balkan war met with universal reprobation. Germany's treatment of Belgium, her cynical proposals to Great Britain, and her attack on France are not calculated to arouse sympathy. America is no lover of Prussian methods, witness the comments on the Zabern affair. Official and military tyranny are constitutionally repugnant to the American mind. There must also be taken into account the traditional friendship with Russia, the debt of American independence to France (only two years ago the centenary of La Fayette's second visit to America was enthusiastically celebrated), and the recent *rapprochement* with Great Britain. The growth of this *rapprochement* may be traced in the decline of that time-honoured sport, twisting the Lion's tail, to which has succeeded the alternative pastime of tweaking the Kaiser's moustachios.

In the case of the present war, sentiment and interest march hand in hand. At the actual moment American public opinion is unmistakably on the side of the Allies. Unless Japan should wantonly fail to return Kiau-Chau to China, according to her promise, or should pursue an aggressive policy in the Pacific, it is safe to predict that, should America decide to intervene, it will not be on the German side. In fact, one might reasonably assume that, were the British Navy to suffer defeat, the United States would hardly tolerate German command of the high seas.

1870-1914

"RÉCONCILIÉS"

From the Painting by Gustav Doré, after the last Franco-German War

"Called to Arms"

LORD ROBERTS INSPECTING THE NEW CITY RECRUITS

On Saturday last the new City of London recruits were reviewed by Lord Roberts in the Temple Gardens, from whence they marched to the Tower to take the oath of allegiance. They received an enthusiastic reception on their march

A GATE: two policemen at it, who salute, evidently mistaking me for anything but a journalist. I return the salute deferentially, having since one month ago ceased to believe the pen to be mightier than the sword. A courtyard where some of the boyhood of London were wont to play after their temporary release from the school-rooms beyond. A bench at the further end of the courtyard, on which half-a-dozen apparently bored gentlemen of undistinguished appearance are seated with a policeman to survey them with an eye that has in it a mixture of the kindly and the supercilious. An elderly gentleman emerges, his coat adorned with many medals. He shouts out something, and one of the bored gentlemen rises and disappears slowly through the school-room door.

England has called him to arms.

"Yus," says another of the gentlemen of undistinguished appearance, apparently resuming the thread of a conversation. "Yus, I 'ad a barf this mornin'. Over yonder" (jerking a thumb which bore but slight traces of immersion in the direction of a building labelled "Public Baths.").

"Where did yer find the money, Bill?" queries a friend.

"Orficer give it me. Said doctor couldn't tell if I was fit till I'd 'ad a barf. We are getting pertickler, aren't we? Jenkins, yus, that's me, sergeant. Awlrite, I'm a-comin'. The doctor won't know me, let alone muvver."

England's call answered again.

"Think they'll pass me, sir?" asks a fine-looking young fellow, clean and smart, and evidently used to "better times"—not so difficult a position these days.

The conversation is addressed to me. I answer unhesitatingly, "Yes."

"Well, I hope so, anyway. These bally Germans have bloomin' well lost me my job. Nice job, too. Thirty-five bob a week. I must have one or two of 'em before I peg out."

So far, save for the conversation, not a sign of anything military to be seen. At last a Boy Scout runs out, importantly snatches a bicycle, and rides away. I begin at last to realise that this school and courtyard have comparatively little to do with His Majesty's police. A well-set-up grizzled gentleman comes out wearing what I mistake for a Band of Hope badge.

"That's the officer, if you want to see him," says the kindly supercilious policeman, and I jump to the fact that the badge has a different meaning.

The officer may share "K.'s" dislike of the journalistic profession, but he is as gracious as his work will allow. I sit beside him and his assistants. Jenkins is ushered in.

"Where do you want me to send you to?" asks the recruiting officer.

"The nearest plice for sausages," replies Jenkins, and the officer laughs, and inquires after his enjoyment of that remarkable luxury—a bath.

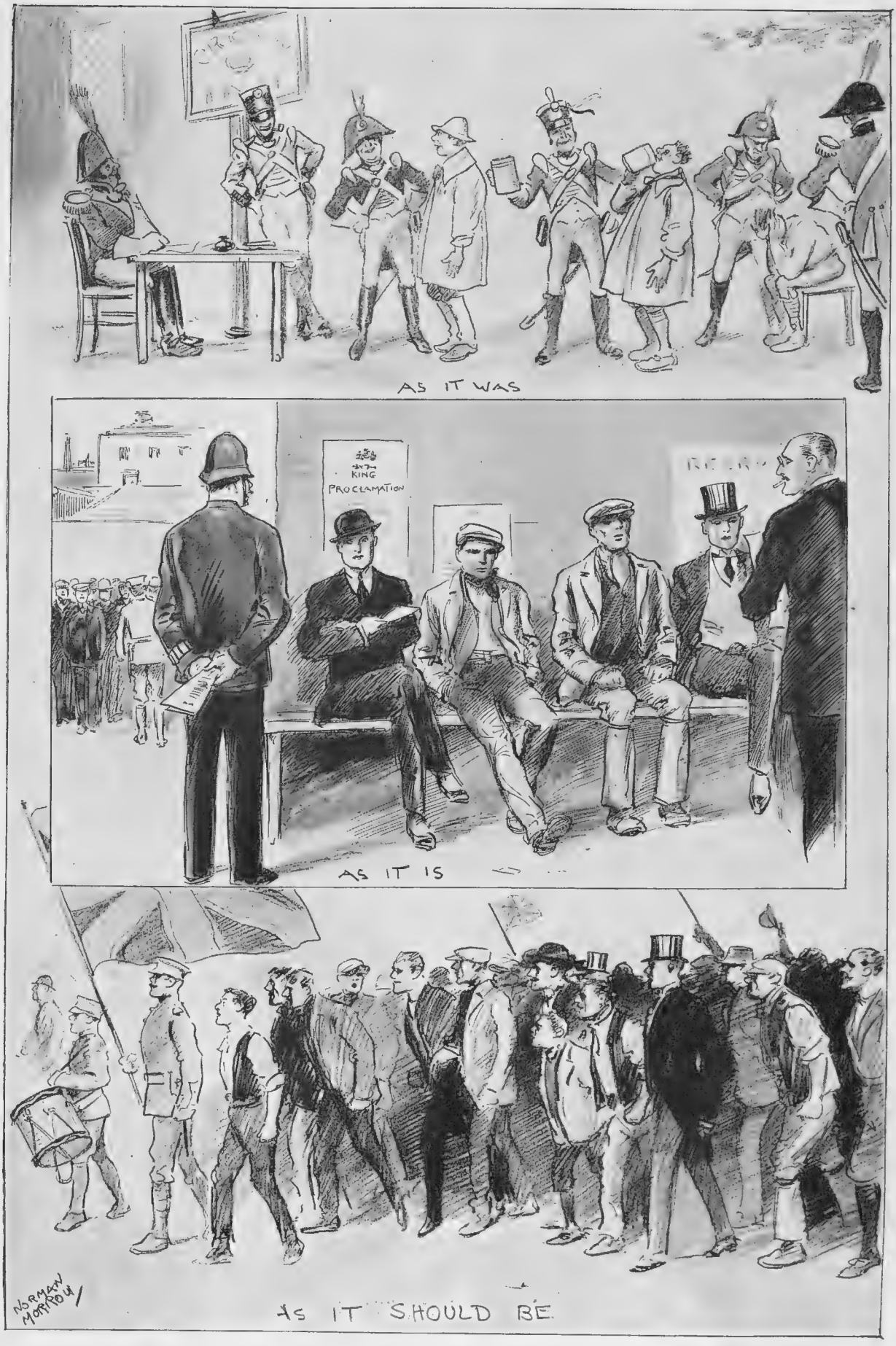
"That's the spirit of nearly every man Jack of them," says the officer to me, writing something across Jenkins's paper. "Splendid fellows. Don't you go writing anything in your bally paper about 'dregs of the population.' That's all rot. They want to get at the Germans. Wish I were there myself instead of this d——d place. Sergeant, Sergeant! Oh, there you are. Send some more men in. Oh, there are no more ready yet. Rather slack to-day."

I bid the officer *adieu*, and wander away ruminating, and the more I think the more I realise that this recruiting business lacks nothing so much as stage-management, and that if only, shall I say, Sir Herbert Tree were given the production of K. of K.'s great drama, entitled "The Call to Arms," the "rather slack" remark would be the last one for any recruiting officer to make with reason. A dreary courtyard patrolled by policemen, an officer in a black tail-coat with a badge that suggests nothing more than a Temperance Society in his buttonhole, silence everywhere save for the muffled conversation of the would-be soldiers and the rasping voice of the sergeant—is that the way to call to arms? Those gloomy offices, those weary clerks, do they either tempt or encourage? Is it with such a stage-setting as this that England is to create a military spirit?

No, if we are not to have conscription in this country we must have something far better stage-managed than our present recruiting system. What we want to see is something of the "panoply of war." We want to hear bands, salute colours—we want a thrill. We want to march to the scream of the fife and the roll of the drum. Posters and articles are all very well in their way, and Boy Scouts are excellent in theirs. But I would back one good brass band playing "It's a long, long way to Tipperary" marching through the streets of London to any other advertisement imaginable. After all, this is not a sale at Selfridge's. This is "a call to arms."

R. W. M.

Recruiting



BY NORMAN MORROW

Duty and the Drama

THE COMPENSATING ADVANTAGES OF A STATE OF WAR

By "JINGLE"

IN these stirring times the theatre is a very sensitive plant. People hesitate to support popular entertainments lest they should be likened to Nero, who is said to have fiddled while Rome burned. But I think it is permissible to emphasise the fact that fiddling is not a statutory offence (I am not saying that it should not be made so), and Nero was probably better employed in this diversion than he would have been if he had gone out and hindered the firemen by trying to teach them their job—as another Cæsar of our acquaintance would most surely have done. The financial risk of producing new plays is undoubtedly great at the moment; but managers might do worse than revive some of their old successes which are characterised by their genial bellicosity of tone.

A wholesale revival of past successes, would, it is true, leave very little for dramatic critics to do; but these amiable people usually find their occupation gone at this period of the year, long since known to the elect as the Silly Season—from the baneful influence of which, it would appear, even mighty Emperors are not immune. But the arts are always the first to catch the blight when the chastening war-cloud is in the air; and sensible folk will endeavour to keep their minds fixed on the compensating advantages. In my own small way I have felt the effect of the tonic of war. I was in danger of falling into the slippered ease of comfortable middle-age till the clash of arms a thousand miles away became audible in the rural spot wherin I dwell. Now, I am by the grace of the local magistrates a Special Constable, sworn to maintain the King's peace (or as much of it as is left in these exciting times).

Instead of passing my evenings in a luxuriously upholstered theatre, I pace to and fro in all weathers under a railway bridge at an hour when I have always considered respectable people should be in bed. A week ago it seemed a great hardship to lose any of my allotted hours for sleep; and irregularity in meal-times had a curiously depressing effect. Now, however, I snatch a few hours sleep when I can, and carry at least one of my meals in my pocket, for future reference, and I find I am renewing my youth like the eagle's, as the Psalmist says. It appears that this modest and retiring neighbourhood has suddenly become a place of strategical importance, and from midnight till four in the morning it is required of me that I do watch faithfully and untiringly for any sign of spies, or anarchists, or other fearful wild fowl.

And so I watch underneath the bridge, while a companion paces the road on the top. He is a rather pessimistic person, and now and again signals to me that he desires to consult me. He wants to know whether that dark object in the distant sky is a cloud or a Zeppelin, and whether I can see a strange and unaccountable light in the distance. I think if I encouraged him, he would take advantage of the loneliness and gloom to recall such histories as he could remember of "horrid stabs in groves forlorn, and murders done in caves." But I am, by the grace of Heaven, a cheerful person, and instead of peering into the darkness and seeing a Pickelhaube on every hawthorn bush around us, I tell my companion playful stories to amuse him, and—there being no ladies present—fanciful anecdotes from the Stock Exchange—a financial institution that existed in the City of London long, long ago.

After all, it is healthier here in the open country at midnight than in the stuffy atmosphere of a West-end theatre. The police-inspector who gallops to this spot every two hours assures me that that is the fact; and, for all I know to the contrary, he may be right. It is a rather violent change for a man of regular and settled habits like myself; but we are in war-time now and have got to try and see the brighter side of what is for most of us nothing more than just a confounded nuisance. I do not forget that there are too many for whom it has a darker meaning; but we do these no disloyalty if for the sake of the health of the body politic we point to the silver lining of the lowering cloud. During these latter days (or nights) I have come to understand a little why a policeman's lot is not a happy one. The strange indescribable monotony of listening in the mysterious gloom for sounds that do not come, and of looking for what isn't there, has in it all the elements of chronic depression; but, like the Christian martyr who was being eaten piecemeal by the lions, I try to believe that it is all for the best.

As hour follows hour, I find myself positively longing for the appearance of an "alien enemy," if only for the chance of the really healthy excitement his arrival would create. The police in the village have given me a badge of authority with the comforting assurance that if any misguided person should grievously assault me while I am on duty he will be far more severely dealt with than if he committed his offence during the hours when I am only what our French friends call a *simple particulier*. So that is one consolation. I have also a truncheon in an inner pocket, and if an "alien enemy" attempts to do me bodily harm, I may emulate the historic curate and threaten to give him a good hard knock. As my police friends tell me, however, there is always the chance that an adversary may wrest the club from my grasp and use it on me with wanton recklessness, and then where should I be? I do not ask the question seriously lest some reader with a craving for the undiluted truth should offer me what he considers the right answer. JINGLE

"Holidays as Usual"

AWKWARD PREDICAMENT OF JONES, WHO WOULD GO BATHING AT A COAST RESORT, DISREGARDING THE WARNING THAT SUBMARINES WERE ON THE LOOK OUT FOR THE ENEMY

BY P. B. HICKLING

A Good Man at the Game

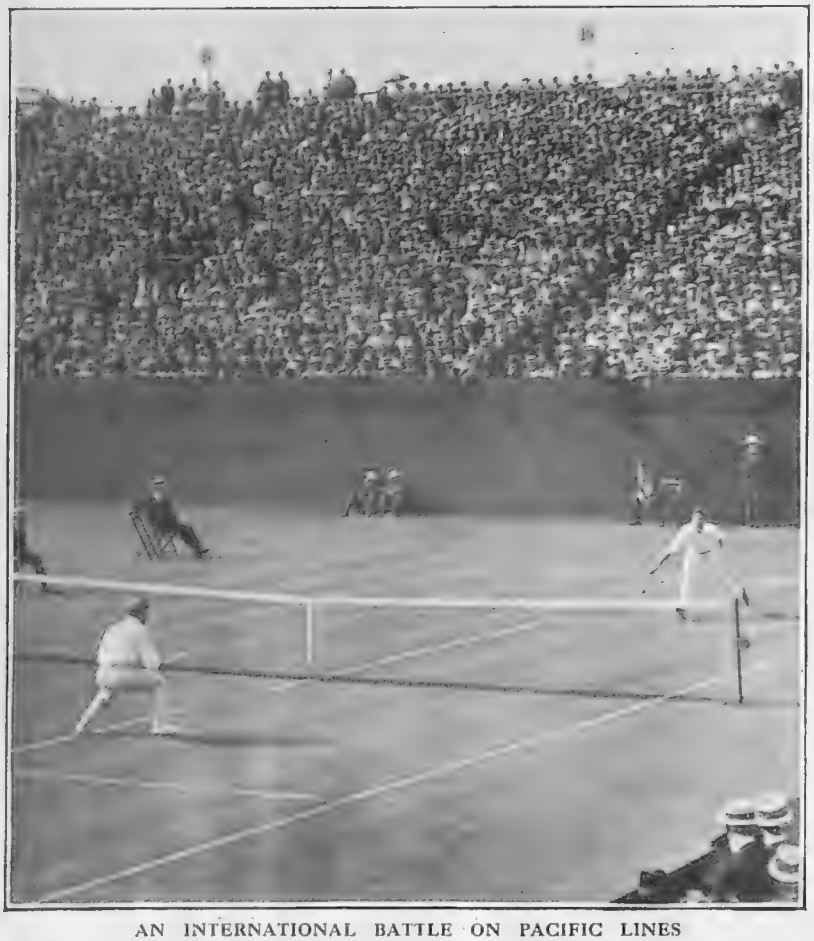
HOW SPORTS HELP TO DEVELOP PATRIOTISM ON THE PROPER LINES

THE theory that the British as a nation are by nature phlegmatic and unemotional is now, I believe, pretty generally admitted to be wrong. The sounder view is that in reality we are an emotional race, many of whom—the majority, perhaps—have acquired or inherited the habit of keeping our emotions well under control. But recent events have naturally awakened our feelings of patriotism, and have even impelled some of us, since we are primarily an emotional race, to make at the music-halls and other similar places of entertainment rather more noise about it than is altogether seemly.

***

Last week I endeavoured to show how sport has conduced towards making our soldiers and sailors the good men they are, and what a mistake Kipling made when he branded our cricketers and footballers with those famous epithets, "flannelled fools and muddied oafs." To-day I am going presently to quote Kipling again—this time in support of my present proposition that sport has done, and will ever do, much towards the cultivation of that habit of self-restraint which is the national throttle of a primarily emotional nation.

The man who rows, runs, or plays games learns quite early in his career that the one thing he must be careful to avoid is the making of any display of his prowess as an athlete. He carefully shuns (speaking generally—there are, of course, exceptions) anything that conveys the slightest suggestion of "side." If before a football match or a rowing race you ask a member of the team or crew that is admittedly the stronger what he thinks of his side's chances he will not commit himself to any more definite statement than, "Well, I suppose we *ought* to win, and we're going to try to." He never attempts to belittle the other side or to swagger about the achievements of his own. It may be that the contest is one in which individual excellence counts, and that he himself does his "bit" extraordinarily well, but after it is all over he is not in the least bit anxious to talk about this to anybody. If it happens that he gained the try, or made the stand, that proved the turning-point of the match, and you mention the fact in conversation with him he seeks, as politely as he can, to change the subject.



AN INTERNATIONAL BATTLE ON PACIFIC LINES

In New York on August 13, 14, and 15, Americans in their thousands watched their countrymen defend the Davis Cup unsuccessfully against their challengers, Australasia, who beat them by three matches to two. Our illus ration shows the match in which McLoughlin (who also scored America's other win) beat Brookes (on this side of the net) by 17—15, 6—3, 6—3

In short, his outlook upon sport is that the man who indulges in it is out to do his best. If his best happens to be rather better than other people's that is a thing to be accepted with pleasure, but without ostentation. He is fully alive to the fact that he is "a good man at the game," but he sees no particular point in parading the fact or letting others do it for him. He may even be merely keen without being specially good, but keenness is likewise a thing which, in his view, is best taken for granted. After all, he argues, what is there to shout about in being keen on a thing that you want to be keen on?

***

This is why I maintain that athletic training makes for patriotism of the sound and unostentatious rather than the showy, music-hall, type. To the sportsman there is something almost abhorrent in this pinchbeck patriotism because it means the parading of something good in him which his training has taught him must be taken for granted. To him the fact that he is a patriot is on all fours with the old saying, "Good wine needs no bush." If he were not a patriot then it would be meet and proper for somebody to raise a shout and get him kicked out of the team. But he sees no point in making one of a crowd who seem mainly intent upon letting each other see that they are—what they ought to be. It seems a trifle indecent.

***

The Englishman learns early to be a good sportsman and a good patriot because his schoolboy life is spent in an atmosphere of games. Kipling's "Stalky and Co." is not by any means a true and faithful representation of schoolboy life throughout, but parts of it (like the curate's egg) are excellent. I recall, in particular, the school-speech day at which a local grandee (who had *not* had the advantage of a public school education) presented the prizes and delivered (as he thought) an appropriate oration. The text of it was that the boys must always be mindful of the fact that they were Englishmen, and of the duties, privileges, and so forth, of that glorious heritage—a display, in fact, of patriotism of the wrong kind—and at the end of a stirring peroration he unfurled and waved above his head a Union Jack. The performance was listened to and watched by the boys in stony and unresponsive silence, broken only at the finish by the audible comment of "Stalky," when the crowning horror of the Union Jack act had fairly mastered him. "This," said he, "is *the* Gadarene Swine."

H. S. S.

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A GENUINE OLD MANOR HOUSE,

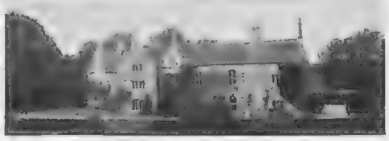
DATING FROM 1296.

PERFECTLY PRESERVED AND FULL OF MAGNIFICENT OLD OAK WORK.

Beautiful old banqueting hall with minstrels gallery, cloister, dining room, study; ample domestic offices; 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, cottage; acetylene gas, Company's water, modern sanitation; delightful old-world gardens; woodland and grass of 13 acres.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W.

A charming MANOR HOUSE, containing fine old oak panelling.

FOR SALE, WITH 17 ACRES, FOR £4,900.



A LONG DRIVE BETWEEN YEW HEDGES leads to the house, which contains: 12 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 5 reception rooms, etc.; stabling for 10; 3 cottages; very pretty gardens. Situate in a good social and sporting part, under 2 hours from London.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W., and at Yeovil.

SUSSEX COAST (1 mile from).

Close to harbour with safe anchorage for yachts. On the outskirts of an old-world village, amidst perfect surroundings.

A PERFECT SMALL GEORGIAN HOUSE, containing: 4 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, and complete offices; double garage, stabling, etc.; delightful gardens of about 6 acres. —For SALE at a low price.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W.

SUSSEX.

Perfectly rural spot, about an hour from London.

FOR SALE AT A MODERATE PRICE,

A BEAUTIFUL REPLICA OF A TUDOR HOUSE,

built entirely of old materials about seven years ago in a picked position, 400ft. above sea level, facing South, with magnificent views; long carriage drive with lodge: fine hall and reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, ample offices.

DELIGHTFUL GARDENS AND PARKLANDS OF 66 ACRES.

Inspected and recommended. — Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W.

SUSSEX, ASHDOWN FOREST.

Superb position, over 600ft. above sea level, with glorious views.

CLOSE TO THE CELEBRATED GOLF LINKS.

FOR SALE, A BEAUTIFUL REPLICA OF AN OLD

SUSSEX MANOR HOUSE.

All modern conveniences; electric light, radiators, etc.; lounge, 4 reception rooms, 13 bedrooms, bathroom, complete offices, old farmhouse, 2 cottages; well-timbered grounds of 16½ acres, practically surrounded by the Forest.—Full particulars of the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W.

A LOVELY OLD COURT IN A SOUTHERN COUNTY.

£5,000 WILL SECURE the above depicted highly attractive HOUSE, in splendid order, and containing: panelled lounge hall, drawing and dining rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; garage and stabling; choice grounds of about 6½ acres. About 2 hours' rail from London.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W.

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Delightful spot about 4 miles from Tunbridge Wells.

FOR SALE, AT A MODERATE PRICE.

A GENUINE ELIZABETHAN MANOR HOUSE (A.D. 1591),

in an excellent state of preservation, standing right back from the road, and approached by a long carriage drive.

SUPERB OLD OAK PANELLING, BEAMS, AND FIREPLACES,

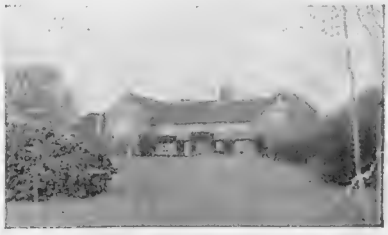
Fine hall, 3 reception rooms, 13 bedrooms, cottage, stabling, etc.

36 ACRES OF GROUNDS INTERSECTED BY RUNNING STREAM.

Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount St., W., who strongly recommend from personal knowledge.

SUSSEX AND SURREY BORDERS.

1 hour from town. High position. Glorious views.



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200 ACRE ESTATE, INCLUDING A TYPICAL OLD SUSSEX HOUSE,

standing ¾-mile back from road on a southern slope: lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, oak-panelled billiard room, 13 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, complete domestic offices, music room converted from a fine old barn: delightful well-timbered gardens; stabling, garage, ample buildings, 7 cottages.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W. Personally inspected and highly recommended.

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SURREY (within 2 miles of a main line station, and only 35 minutes from London).—To be SOLD, ONE OF THE MOST PERFECT MODERATE-SIZED HOUSES in the county, well away from road and surrounded by

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Lounge hall (oak panelled), 4 reception, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; electric light, Company's water; stabling for 3, coach-house or motor-house. —Inspected and very strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

KENT (lovely Hawkhurst District).—To be LET, Unfurnished, an Attractive COUNTRY RESIDENCE, standing in

BEAUTIFULLY-TIMBERED PLEASURE GROUNDS OF 12 OR MORE ACRES.

5 reception rooms, 14 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, servants' hall, housekeeper's room; ample stabling and motor garage.

RENT £300 PER ANNUM.

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GOING CHEAPLY.

PRICE ONLY £2,000, WITH 4 COTTAGES.

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7 ACRES OF GARDENS AND GROUNDS.

Property bounded by own trout stream. —Full details of Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (17,769)

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COMMANDING BEAUTIFUL VIEWS OF THE CHANNEL.

15 bed, 4 reception, 4 baths; stabling, garage; every comfort; electric light; wonderful gardens and grounds of 4½ ACRES.—Inspected and strongly recommended by Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

FOR SALE, CHEAPLY.

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PRICE, £1,250, WITH 4½ ACRES.

ONE OF THE CHEAPEST PROPERTIES EVER OFFERED.

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4½ ACRES.

—Strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

CHARMING OLD TUDOR COTTAGE RESIDENCE.

HERTS (about 3 miles from 2 stations, 45 minutes Town).—HOUSE contains: 3 reception, bath, and 5 bedrooms; stabling for 3; cottages; lovely old gardens and grounds of about

17 ACRES.

For SALE.—Confidently recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (Fo. 16,205)

SPECIAL TO ROMAN CATHOLICS AND TO GOLFERS.

15 minutes' walk from WOODCHESTER PRIORY. 20 minutes' walk from MINCHINHAMPTON GOLF LINKS.

£3,000 WILL BUY a stone-built TUDOR RESIDENCE in a beautiful part of Gloucestershire; 10 bed, 3 good reception rooms (1 oak-panelled), lounge hall, 2 baths; charming gardens of 3 acres, and a 3-acre paddock. —Inspected and strongly recommended by Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (15,064)

SUITABLE AS A PRIVATE RESIDENCE OR BOARDING HOUSE.

TENBY.—Remainder of LEASE for SALE cheaply of a good HOUSE in this attractive and very healthy resort: 7 bed, 3 reception, bath, Company's gas and Water.

THE HOUSE IS OPPOSITE CLIFF GARDENS AND FACES THE SEA.

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Important Notice to all "Bystander" Readers.

FOUNDED 1871.

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EMPOWERED BY SPECIAL ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

£2,000 Will be paid by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Limited, Principal Office, Nos 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to the legal personal representative of the *bonâ-fide* holder of this Coupon Insurance Ticket, **if such holder shall be killed by an accident within the United Kingdom to any passenger-train, public omnibus, tram-car, or four-wheeled or hansom cab** (driven by a licensed driver plying for public hire), on which such holder is travelling as an ordinary ticket-bearing or fare-paying passenger, season-ticket-holder or trader's ticket-holder; **or £1,000 will be paid by the Corporation to the legal personal representative of such holder, if such holder shall be killed by an accident, in any part of the world, to any passenger-steamer in which such holder is travelling as a fare-paying passenger; or should such holder sustain an injury, caused by an accident as above defined, which shall not prove fatal as aforesaid, but cause the Loss of Two Limbs (both arms or both legs, or one of each, by actual separation above the wrist or ankle), the Corporation will pay to such holder £1,000; or for the Loss of One Limb, under aforesaid conditions, £500.**

Provided that the above undertaking is subject to the following special conditions, which are the essence of the contract, viz. (*a*) That such death or loss result within one month after the accident, (*b*) that such holder's usual signature shall have been written in ink or pencil, in the space provided underneath, before the accident, (*c*) that notice in case of injury be given to the Corporation at its Principal Office in London within seven days after the accident and in case of death within fourteen days after the accident, (*d*) that medical certificates and other information be furnished by the person claiming upon request for the same by the Corporation, and (*e*) that this Insurance applies only to persons over twelve and under seventy years of age, is limited to one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket for each holder, and holds good for the current week of issue only.

This Insurance entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE COMPANY, LIMITED, ACT, 1890," Risks Nos. 2, 3, 5 and 6, when they are not incompatible with the special conditions above stated.

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The possession of this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket is admitted to be the payment of a premium under Sec. 33 of the Act. A print of the Act can be seen at the Principal Office of the Corporation.

This Insurance holds good in the case of a Railway Servant travelling with a pass in a passengers' compartment.

Signature.....

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NOTE.—For the sum of £1 8s. 2d. you receive THE BYSTANDER *post free for 52 weeks and are insured as above.*

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12-h.p. ROVER

Wheathampstead,
Herts.

Dear Mr. Harry Smith,

I feel sure that it will interest you to hear how satisfactorily the 12 H.P. 1912 Rover Car has behaved which I got from you in November, 1912, leaving my two-cyl. 12 H.P. Rover in part exchange.

Since November, 1912, this car has run 20,269 miles and the engine has ***never*** been taken down, only the valves, &c., attended to by myself (as I do not have a Chauffeur).

The only repairs which I have had to have attended to, were a defective radiator which you replaced for me free of cost early after purchase, and a new pin and bushing to near side front steering which I had done in London; as my cost for repairs for 20,269 miles has been £1 5s. 0d., this fact I think speaks for itself how your cars are made, and I have recommended them to many of my friends.

Yours faithfully,
F. TREVOR DAVYS.

The ROVER COMPANY Ltd.
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59-61, New Oxford Street, LONDON, W.C.
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True economy consists in buying the best at the price, and there is no other material which has ***all*** the "Viyella" virtues. Exceedingly durable, soft, non-irritant and refined in appearance, it washes well and does not shrink. It has a special health value, in that it absorbs and radiates away the moisture of the body, thus being superior to ordinary non-absorbent flannels, or chilly linen or cotton fabrics. The ready-to-wear garments are tailor-cut and finished, giving the comfort which only the correctly tailored article can.

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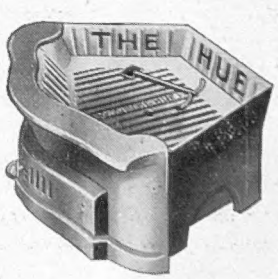
prevents the Septic poisoning caused by bad teeth; is the best wash for wounds and sores; prevents and arrests Sore Throats, and acts like a charm for tender feet and spraying sick-rooms.

Coal users—Start saving money NOW

The cost of coal is certain to exercise our minds during the coming Winter, and it is therefore vitally important to know how you can reduce your coal-bill by one half, and at the same time OBTAIN THE SAME AMOUNT OF HEAT. The "HUE" Adaptable Barless Fire has been proved over and over again to achieve this result, and we cannot too strongly urge you to instal it in your house before the Winter rush comes. The "Hue" is scientifically constructed, specially made to fit YOUR grate, easy to fix, and at **15/-** is within the reach of everyone. In addition to being the first Barless Fire on the market, the claims of the "Hue" have been justified by careful tests all over the Country—that is one of the reasons why thousands have been installed in private houses, Hotels, Public Institutions and Hospitals, and in every case with the most complete satisfaction. Our "Book of Testimonials" amply demonstrates this latter point.



FREE. Illustrated booklet giving full particulars of the unique "HUE" Barless Fire, and showing how easily it is fixed. *A postcard will bring it.*

YOUNG & MARTEN, Ltd. (*Dept. B.*) **Caledonian Works, Stratford, LONDON, E.**

Photograph *Sport and General*

IN SPITE OF THE DISTRACTIONS OF THE WAR

A number of golf fixtures are still being held. Our photograph shows a match in progress on the Hainault Forest Course on the 22nd instant between J. Braid and J. H. Taylor. The former won with 74 strokes to Taylor's 77

Golf and the War

WHAT'S DOING? "MAISTLY NOWT!"

"Nothing Doing!"

The history of golf since the outbreak of the war has been something like that of the snakes in Iceland, and I am to a great extent in the position of Canning's knife-grinder with his "Story, God bless you. I have none to tell, sir." One by one the various competitions have been abandoned, the Irish Open Amateur Championship, the Welsh Professional Championship, all fixtures of the Professional Golfers' Association, except the international match, and I have just received an intimation that the St. Andrew's Calcutta and Jubilee Cup tournaments will not be played next month. There is a sterner and grimmer game that has to be played, and, happily, thanks to our noble fleet, the course on which the World's Championship has to be decided is not situated in Great Britain, but on the Continent, the first rounds being now in course of decision in Belgium. Golfers reckon among their ranks a large number of officers and men who are taking part in this desperate game.

Golfers in the Services

One has only to look up the records of the Army Golf Championship to see what a hold the game has taken on the Army, and though there is no analogous Navy championship, one may be sure that there are plenty of golfers among the gallant men who have penned in the German Navy and kept the seas clear for our commerce. Meantime the war is pressing heavily on the professional rank and file. The leaders have suffered by loss of lucrative exhibition engagements, while the abandonment of the *News of the World* tournament means the loss of prizes which are fought for each year with the utmost keenness. But golfers are cheerfully facing the necessities imposed by this terrible war. The Professional International Match is to be played at Mid-Surrey, and an entrance fee is to be charged, the proceeds to be devoted to the Prince of Wales's Fund. Mr. Hilton, the Editor of *Golf Illustrated*, has had the extremely happy idea of suggesting that clubs should hold competitions, the entrance fees of which should also go to swell the Prince's fund, while, as prizes, he is offering medals bearing on the obverse the effigy of the Prince of Wales and on the reverse the crest of H.R.H. By this means considerable sums will be added to the National Fund. The St. George's Hill Club at Weybridge have decided to offer their club-house for convalescent hospital purposes. In fact, in every quarter golfers are showing themselves thoroughly alive to the necessities of the situation, and where they are unable to give active personal service in the fighting ranks, are doing what they can to help in other ways.

The Irish Native-Born Amateur Championship

The only leading fixture which got itself finished after the declaration of war was the Irish Native Amateur Championship. This was played on the Hermitage Course, near Dublin. Once more Mr. L. O. Munn proved his supremacy among Irish amateurs by coming through to the final and defeating Earl Annesley by 10 and 8. Mr. Munn has so far failed to make good on this side of the Channel, but he ought undoubtedly to win the blue riband before many years pass, for he is a beautiful player and master of every shot in the game.

The American Open Championship

As I close these brief notes news comes that the American Open Championship has been won by W. Hagin, the Rochester, N.Y., professional, who did the four rounds on the Midlothian (Blue Island, Illinois) Course in the splendid aggregate of 290. I have never heard of Hagin, but he must be "some" player, judging by his score. Our popular friend, Mr. "Chick" Evans, was second, only a stroke behind, beating Mr. Ouimet, the holder, who was fifth, by seven strokes. ERNEST LEHMANN

Faulkner & Son

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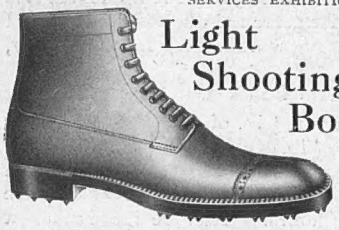

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At chemists 4/3 a tin.
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Notice to the Public.

MESSRS. Benger's Food Ltd. have made no advance in the price of Benger's Food, and have none in contemplation.

The demand for Hospital and Medical Use is already increasing.

The Public will find their ordinary requirements forthcoming, and will assist the Company if usual purchases only are made.

Any difficulty in obtaining supplies at the usual prices should be at once reported to the Company.

BENGER'S Food

Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers:
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The Menu: Some Sweets Without Eggs

DURING the present crisis, when eggs are so scarce and, unfortunately, likely to continue so, the daily consumption of this particular article of food must necessarily be considerably limited, and some suggestions for a few economical puddings without eggs may be useful in my menu to-day.

Brown Betty Pudding
Fruit Mould
Rice and Raisin Dumpling
A Plum Pudding
Chocolate Mould
Macaroni à la Paysanne

Brown Betty Pudding

Peel, core, and slice six large apples and arrange them in alternate layers with some breadcrumbs in a pie-dish, the top layer being crumbs. When the dish is full, pour over all a gill of water, a gill of golden syrup, and two tablespoonfuls of Demarara sugar mixed with a little lemon-juice. Bake in a moderate oven for thirty minutes. Sprinkle castor sugar over before serving.

Fruit Mould

Stew in a little water about ½ lb. of plums, which should be stoned, add sugar to taste. Line a wetted basin with slices of bread, without crust, pour the hot fruit into this, and fit on tightly a top of bread. Place a plate on the top of the basin, with a weight on it, and leave for twelve to twenty-four hours to set. Turn out and serve.

Rice and Raisin Dumpling

Sprinkle a damp cloth with some raisins or currants and half a cup of rice, tie up fairly tightly, and boil quickly for about two hours, or a little longer. For apple and rice dumplings sprinkle the rice on the cloth, add some peeled and sliced apples, with sugar to taste, tie up tightly, and boil.

A Plum Pudding

Mix together ¼ lb. of flour, ¼ lb. of suet, ¼ lb. of bread-crumbs, ¼ lb. of sultanas, ¼ lb. of currants, ¼ lb. of candied lemon-peel, two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Moisten with a little milk, and add enough treacle to make a nice brown. Boil for two hours. This recipe makes a delicious pudding.

Chocolate Mould

Soak ½ oz. of gelatine in one pint of milk for half an hour, add to it 2 oz. of grated chocolate and 2 oz. of castor sugar. Put all the ingredients into a jug (or a double boiler), and the jug in a saucepan of boiling water. Keep the water boiling, and stir the contents of the jug frequently. Cook for about twenty minutes after the water has boiled. Take off the fire and stir until cool, then pour into a china mould and set by till the next day. A little custard served with this dish is an improvement.

Macaroni à la Paysanne

Put 1½ oz. of butter into a clean chafing-dish, and when it has melted stir in ½ lb. of cooked macaroni; cook together for five minutes, occasionally stirring, then add 2 oz. of grated cheese, a little brown sauce, and pepper and salt. The whole should be made very hot, and be served with crisp "fingers" of toast. EMILIA

The Editor's Box

Prevention of Unemployment

We have received the following letter from the Drapers' Chamber of Commerce. "In nearly every town in each county a large number of ladies are endeavouring, more or less successfully, to make various garments for the use of our soldiers on active service. While admiring the patriotism which prompts those ladies to undertake such work, it would appear that they have overlooked the fact that there is a very large class of the population whose business it is to make such garments, and each garment made by the ladies means a direct loss to some poor seamstress. Large numbers of girls have been thrown out of work, and we fear that many more will be thrown out of employment before the war terminates. Under these circumstances I most respectfully venture to suggest to all ladies engaged in making-up garments that their patriotism and kindness of heart will be better placed if they buy or order ready-made garments from the retailers of the United Kingdom. This would do much to bring about the desire of Parliament that trade should, as far as possible, assume normal conditions."

Prince of Wales' National Relief Fund

The Oxo Company have given one ton of Oxo (£700 worth), and undertaken to store it free of charge, and pay carriage on it in small or large quantities as ordered off.

A National Institution

The Carl Rosa Opera Company wish us to state that in spite of the war they have decided to start their tour in the ordinary manner to prevent over 100 of their artistes being thrown out of work. We are asked to state, therefore, that they are at the Coronet Theatre on September 7, the Kennington on September 14, and the Marlborough on September 21.

A Good Sporting Tailor

Harry Hall, the well-known civil and sporting tailor, of 207, Oxford Street, W., wishes us to state that from August 30 his City address will be 149, Cheapside, E.C. (near St. Paul's). Army officers are informed that special facilities are afforded for supplying service kits at the shortest possible notice, and those who wish to be assured of getting a perfect fit and the best possible value can with confidence place orders with him for suits and overcoats at 63s., as sold elsewhere four and five guineas. A speciality is made on the cut and fit of dress, morning, and hunting suits, guaranteed from self-measurement forms. For visitors to London there is a special arrangement by which they can leave record measure for breeches, coats, etc., or can order and fit the same day. Harry Hall is the only maker of "Hallzone" ideal gold medal 21s. riding-breeches, made from material which is sold elsewhere from two and three guineas, and it is almost superfluous to state that his stock of Harris and Scotch tweeds, Sheppards checks, and rainproofs, besides being extraordinarily moderate in price, is the best that can be obtained in London.

War News Item: Gift to the British Red Cross Society

Ten thousand tablets of soap as part equipment of the kit-bags for use in the field have been presented to the above society by Messrs. H. Bronnley and Co., Ltd. (Courvoisier), of Acton.

Motor Engineers—Please Note!

Marshall Arter, Ltd., motor engineers, of Hammersmith, desire us to state that at this moment, when the entire country is endeavouring to support trade despite the many undeniable difficulties, it has seemed desirable that those firms benefiting from the patriotic action of the nation individually should endeavour to make a definite recognition of the effort. To this end Marshall Arter, Ltd., has decided that, in every case where a car is sold at the list price, a donation of £20 will be allotted to the Prince of Wales's Fund by the company.

The Victoria Palace

Humour as an antidote has been liberally provided in the excellent programme which has been arranged for the Victoria Palace next week. Among the very popular entertainers who have been engaged are Clarice Mayne and James Tate, Lily Smith (British lady swimming champion) and her sisters in their great glass tank, Phil Ray, Foreman and Fannan, Nellie Wigley, Elsie Malpas, the Sisters Jerome, and Bertram Banks. Vivid pictures of the war, taken at Louvain and elsewhere, showing actual scenes in the present sphere of operations, are a great feature of interest at this house.